Encountred yet his Better, I have heard
Two emulous Philomels, beate the eare o'th night
With their contentious throates, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then againe the firſt,
And by and by out breaſted, that the ſence
Could not be judge betweene 'em: So it far'd
Good ſpace betweene theſe kineſmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner: weare the Girlond
With joy that you have won: For the ſubdude,
Give them our preſent Iuſtice, ſince I know
Their lives but pinch'em; Let it here be done:
The Sceane's not for our ſeeing, goe we hence,
Right joyfull, with ſome ſorrow. Arme your prize,
I know you will not looſe her: *Hipolita*
I ſee one eye of yours conceives a teare
The which it will deliver. *Floriſh.*

Emil. Is this wynning?
Oh all you heavenly powers where is you mercy?
But that your wils have ſaide it muſt be ſo,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miſerable Prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him, then all women;
I ſhould, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pitty
That fowre ſuch eies ſhould be ſo fixd on one
That two muſt needes be blinde fort.

Theſ. So it is. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Palamon and his Knightes pyniond: Iaylor, Executioner &c. Gard.*

Ther's many a man alive, that hath out liv'd
The love o'th people, yea i'th ſelfeſame ſtate
Stands many a Father with his childe; ſome comfort
We have by ſo conſidering: we expire
And not without mens pitty. To live ſtill,
Have their good wiſhes, we prevent
The loathſome miſery of age, beguile
The Gowt and Rheume, that in lag howres attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods

Yong

Yong, and unwapper'd not, hal
Many and ſtale: that ſure ſhall p
Sooner than ſuch, to give us Ned
For we are more cleare Spirits.
Whoſe lives (for this poore comf
You have ſould 'em too too che

1. *K.* What ending could be
Of more content? ore us the vi
Fortune, whoſe title is as mome
As to us death is certaine: A g
They not ore'-weigh us.

2. *K.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience, anger t
Who at her certain'ſt reeles.

3. *K.* Come? who begins

Pal. Ev'n he that led you t
Taſte to you all: ah ha my Frie
Your gentle daughter gave me
You'l ſee't done now for ever
I heard ſhe was not well; her
gave me ſome ſorrow.

Iaylor. Sir ſhe's well reſtor'
And to be marryed ſhortly.

Pal. By my ſhort life
I am moſt glad on't; Tis the la
I ſhall be glad of, pre'thee tell
Commend me to her, and to pe
Tender her this.

1. *K.* Nay lets be offerers

2. *K.* Is it a maide?

Pal. Verily I thinke ſo,
A right good creature, more to
Then I can quight or ſpeake

All K. Commend us to her

Iaylor. The gods requight
And make her thankefull.

Pal. Adiew; and let my lif
As my leave taking.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.1